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AD-Mention paper.

A Few Precious

Japanese Swords
FOR SALE AT
Yokohama - Bazar.

Horse, Doctor
And Girl

By FRANK H. SWEET

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There was a flash so blinding that
Dr. Tom Howard closed his eyes and
the horse threw up his head with a
whinny of terror, then almost instan-
tly came a crash as of a thousand can-
non, which rolled across the mountains
in a reverberation of receding echoes.
After that all was as it had been be-
fore—inky black.

Dr. Tom bent his face to avoid the
slant of rain, at the same time touch-
ing the horse's flank encouragingly
with his hand. But they could go no
faster, as he knew, for the horse was
picking his way down the mountain
side step by step, with nose forward
as though smelling the way and with
ears alert for sounds that might indi-
cate their course.

Ahead were patients who might be
needing him, to whom his coming
might be the difference between life
and death. Henceforth his life must
be his work. His patients were not to
be divided even with the girl he had
hoped to make his wife. At first he
had thought she would reconsider, re-
lent, but her sudden departure, with-
out note or explanation, had meant it
was to be the end. He did not even
know to what part of the world she
had gone.

He had already been away from
home twenty-four hours on a journey
of forty miles into the mountains to
save a man who had been accidentally
shot, and now, against the advice of
hardy mountaineers, was forcing his
way back in the very teeth of one of
the fiercest hill storms.

From time to time his hand went
back to pat the horse's flank encour-
agingly, and at every contact of the
hand the horse started forward a little
more briskly in an effort to please him,
only to return almost instantly, how-
ever, to the slow, cautious gait, as if
realizing that it was absolutely neces-
sary to their safety. Soon there came
another blinding flash even as the
hand once more dropped upon the
flank, and Dr. Tom's face blanched a
little, for directly in front of them was
a yawning fissure.

After that for a time he allowed the
horse to choose the way, with the reins
hanging loosely across his neck. The
horse's nose and ears and instinct were



"I AM DR. HOWARD," HE SAID.

safer than the man's impatience. More
than once a lightning's flash revealed a
black hole in front or to one side, with
jagged, precipitous slopes rising or
falling beyond, but always under the
horse's careful feet was firm footing,
sometimes a narrow shelf scarcely wid-
er than was necessary for them to pass,
sometimes a declivity so steep that
the animal's haunches almost touched
the rock as he picked his way down.
But the progress was slow, slow-
criminally slow it seemed to the im-
patient doctor, who wanted to be at his
work.

Presently from brief glimpses obtain-
ed in the flashings he realized they
were swerving far out of their course,
and he caught up the reins with a
quick, determined grasp.

Obediently the horse turned back to-
ward the straight line, but a few min-
utes later, when another flash came, he
was heading in the old direction. Again
he was turned, sharply, and again he
went on in a straight course for a few
steps, only to swerve once more to his
chosen way in the inky blackness
which followed the flashings.

Again and again did Dr. Tom swing
him to the direct line, with increasing
impatience and harshness, and just as
often did the horse swerve promptly
to his own course. With the rain and
wind beating in his face, stumbling
over rough ground and sometimes
among trees where the branches al-
most swept him from the saddle, Dr.
Tom could only judge the course by
the lightning. In the darkness the
horse had his own way, and in the
darkness the horse persisted in choos-
ing the one which Dr. Tom believed to
be wrong. But apparently there was
no help for it, and at last, defeated,
he allowed the reins once more to hang
loosely upon the horse's neck.

Gradually above the roaring of the

storm there had been rising another
sound—peculiar, menacing in its per-
sistency and suddenly intelligible. Dr.
Tom drew a quick breath, and his
hand went to the horse's neck in en-
gaging apology. The branch which
had been easily forded on the way up
had become a raging torrent with the
gathering of the heavy rainfall and
was now tearing down the mountain,
unloosening rocks and uprooting trees
in its wild course. Had they stumbled
into its mad waters in the darkness
there would have been little chance of
emerging alive. And the horse's al-
tered course meant that he was pick-
ing his way toward the bridge at the
ferry road, the only way to get beyond
the branch and river and so home.

An hour went by, and the steeper
slopes were left behind. They were
coming to a more level country that
could be crossed with greater speed.
Dr. Tom was mentally counting up the
miles and the hours it would take to
traverse them when he saw a light
twinkling just ahead. Apparently it
was a man with a lantern going in the
same direction and running as well as
he was able to in the darkness. Dr.
Tom urged his horse forward.

"Hello!" he shouted cheerily as he
drew near. "What are you doing out
in a night like this? Better go back to
your bed!"

In the storm's roar the voice sounded
hoarse and unnatural. The man put
his hand to his ear inquiringly and
waited for the horse to approach. Dr.
Tom could see the figure dimly by the
lantern's light, but was himself almost
invisible.

"Goin'—for—a—doctor!" the man
yelled as the horse came opposite. "My
daughter's hurt an' must have help at
once. Are you p'inted toward the ferry
bridge?"

"Yes."
"Well," with what sounded like a
great sob of thankfulness, "spose ye
send a doctor up to my place quick—
Bill Saybrook's, on the slope, a half
mile from here. Ye can go a lot
quicker'n I can. Send anybody. Mol-
lie said Dr. Tom Howard. She wants
him, but he ain't so handy 's Dr. Pe-
ters, an' we must have somebody at
once."

Dr. Tom had caught his breath
sharply and leaned forward. He placed
a hand upon the man's shoulder.

"I am Dr. Howard," he said. "Is it
Mollie Saybrook you mean, the one
who taught school at the Corners?"

The man held up his lantern, and
now the sob was unmistakable. Tears
were streaming down his face.

"The Lord sent ye," he choked.
"Tain't no man's work in this. It's a
miracle. I knowed in my heart I
couldn't get no doctor here in time, but
I would kill myself a-tryin'. Come."

He caught the bridle in his hand and
struck directly into a thicker growth
of trees straight toward his cabin, cry-
ing and laughing in the same breath
and talking incoherently to himself
and the doctor.

Mollie was sleeping peacefully, out of
danger, when Dr. Tom left the cabin
at daylight and turned his horse to-
ward the bridge at the ferry. As he
rode along at a brisk pace there was a
rapt look on the young doctor's face.

"Perhaps it was the Lord," he said
to the horse as his hand went softly to
the animal's neck. "Who knows? But
you were the messenger and forced me
into my happiness."

"Kerchunk" Did It.

A train on a new railroad was run-
ning down a grade, says the Kansas
City Star, when one of the side rods
of the engine broke. The train stopped
at the foot of the grade with the good
cylinder "on center," and when the
broken side had been uncoupled the
engine could not be started.

The engineer, the conductor and the
passengers took turns trying to devise
a way to start it. At last a farmer's
boy crawled through a barb wire fence
and came over to make a suggestion.

"Why don't you let 'er go kerchunk?"
he asked.

"What?" demanded the conductor,
not grasping the idea.

"Why, let 'er go kerchunk. Unhitch
the last car and shove 'er up the grade
a ways. Then let 'er come down ker-
chunk against the train. That'll bump
'er along some."

The railroad men sniffed contemptu-
ously, but the passengers sided with
the boy, so at last it was decided to
try his scheme. All hands turned to
and pushed the car a little way up the
hill. Then it was sent, with increasing
speed, back against the train, which it
struck with the foreseen "kerchunk."
The "kerchunk" did the work. The en-
gine was bumped off center, the en-
gineer gave it enough steam to keep
it slowly moving, the passengers scram-
bled aboard, and the one legged outfit
limped away on its journey.

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sumption, Coughs and Colds and other
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such people, who seek to profit
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and **Tar** will cure you quickly and
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friend I was induced to try a sample of
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so much relief that I bought some of
the regular size. Two or three bottles
cured me of what the physicians called
consumption, and I have never had any
trouble with my throat or lungs since
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